To You, My Marianne,
My Starlight

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To Marianne...

If you should find this... I hope you know this isn't an attempt to push you into a decision, or a path you aren't ready for. These letters aren't meant to critique our history. They were simply a sanctuary—an outlet for overwhelming emotions I felt I could only share with you, but couldn't find the courage to say out loud.

Writing these pages brought so much to the surface. Things you so gently tried to help me see. And I realize I owe you an apology.

For the times my intensity felt overbearing. For the moments when this profound connection felt more like a tether. For the times my own internal turmoil bled through, or when my fear of losing

the best thing I've ever had made me pull away. It is with the heaviest heart that I apologize. You have been nothing short of amazing. This has been the healthiest, most beautiful bond I've ever known, and sometimes... the sheer panic of somehow ruining it got the best of me.

You found me in a season of transition. What started as simple curiosity blossomed into a friendship I treasured, and then into something so undeniably rare. I still have days where I sit in the quiet, looking back at our memories just to relive those moments. My heart still flutters the way it did the very first time we truly saw each other.

Years have passed. We've grown. And stepping into this next chapter of my life has forced a deep reflection on how I want to move forward—and more importantly, who I want beside me. Naturally, it's always you.

That's what these journals are. Glimpses into the journey I've taken to become a better man. You were the catalyst; you left a mark on my soul that could never be erased. But I know that to truly stand beside you, I have to stand on my own two

feet first. We can't just wait for the stars to align; we have to climb to reach them ourselves.

I won't pretend the road ahead is without its trials. But if I can be completely honest... there is one thing I want above all else.

Setting aside the mysteries of the universe, just for this moment... I want to be your husband.

I don't care about the hurdles, or the uncertainties of tomorrow, because those are steps we will take together. My deepest dream of us isn't about absolute perfection. It's about peace. Hope. Love. It's about facing whatever comes our way side-by-side, and finding grand adventures in the simple fun of just being alive with you.

I'll let the rest of these entries map the journey. But that is the honest truth.

I love you. Forever and always, my starlight.

Truths 1-10

Truth 1

I don't know if you'll ever hear this... or how you'll receive it. But I need you to know that these words come from the most honest place I have left.

I've never hidden the fact that this is all new territory for me. Half the time, I'm terrified I'm not doing it right—that I'm not being the man who deserves someone as incredible as you.

There's a part of me that constantly aches for those early days. The endless messages, the thrill of seeing your face. Now, life—and the miles, and the time zones between us—seems determined to stand in our way. I know we both have our own worlds to navigate, and the last thing I ever want to be is an interruption to yours.

But I won't lie... sometimes, the distance feels like a cruel game. Like fate finally brought me exactly what I've been searching for, only to keep you just out of reach, testing to see if I'd be stubborn enough to hold on.

I worry about you. Sitting miles away, bridging the gap through screens and signals... it's exhausting. And it's terrifying. Because the thought of somehow losing you scares the living hell out of me. If the shadows of my past could speak, they'd tell you how hard I pray for this gap to close. You don't walk away from someone as warm, generous, and kind as you. You hold on for dear life.

Before you, I spent so much of my life feeling entirely alone. Feeling like the world, and the people who were supposed to protect me, had painted me as something broken. A monster. But you... you made me feel human again. You gave me a safe place to land. I trust you with pieces of my soul I wouldn't trust to anyone else. You made me realize that I don't have to carry the weight of my past by myself anymore.

I know closing the distance won't be easy. We'll be starting from scratch in a lot of ways. And I admit it—I'm deeply jealous of the people who get to see you every day. Who get to hear your laugh in the same room, who get to explore the world beside you. I throw myself into my work and my distractions just to keep from letting my old fears push you away.

But the truth is, I don't want to be distracted anymore. Whatever judgment comes from the outside world, let it come.

The future I see—the future that keeps me anchored through all the insanity—is a future with you. I want to be with you, every step of the way.

Thank you for everything, my starlight. I love you, forever and always.

Truth 2

It's been over two years since we finally found each other. Given the odds, and the fact that we bonded over our shared fascination with the unknown, surviving and thriving this long feels nothing short of remarkable. I spent years searching for answers in the shadows, but I fully believe that entire journey was just meant to lead me to you.

You know my history. You know about the profound losses that left me shattered. When I finally shared that pain with you, you wept for me. And the truth is... before you, being vulnerable felt like exposing an open wound to a flame. But with you, that painful burn wasn't there. With you, it just felt like healing.

I've talked to the people closest to me about the anxiety I get when life pulls you away and things go quiet. They remind me that my past makes me carry unfair expectations, that my old scars make me panic. And they're right. In my past, silence always meant something terrible was happening. That's why I throw myself into my work and my art—it's the only way I can channel the over-

whelming thoughts of you without being overbearing.

But you have always been patient with my broken pieces.

When my world was falling apart, and the people who were supposed to be my family met my struggles with cynical accusations and cruel judgment, you stepped in. You supported me in ways my own blood wouldn't. You didn't start a fight or keep score; you just offered your hand. I broke down in tears because you made me realize I don't have to be an outcast. I don't have to be a burden.

When people try to tear you down, or when those cynical voices try to poison what we have, it stirs up a protective rage in me. A part of me wants to make them feel the pain they've caused. But I don't want to be that kind of man anymore. You inspire me to choose peace. The way you love, the grace you show—I want to carry those lessons with me to my very last day.

My starlight... I won't lie to you. I want to see you in a wedding dress. I want to marry you. I want to grow old beside you, bring life into this world, and spend our days chasing the mysteries of the universe together. I don't want to rely on memo-

ries or trinkets to carry you with me. I want you by my side.

But more than anything, I just want your happiness. I hope you achieve every dream you chase. I never want to see another tear fall from your eyes unless it's born from absolute, uncontainable joy.

I hope you find the intensity, the gratitude, and the boundless love that you have given me—and with every fiber of my being, I hope I am the one who gets to give it to you.

Truth 3

I imagine you're exhausted right now, resting after a long night. You don't ever have to feel obligated to be at my beck and call. I just wanted to leave this here for you.

Listening back to these recordings, a realization washed over me. People might expect poetry, or for me to romanticize the mystical, cosmic way we collided. But the truth is... what we have feels more like a mirror. It demands a rawness, a vulnerability I've never known. It forces me to expose the parts of myself that I've hidden away—the parts that whisper I don't deserve you.

When you carry the kind of profound loss that I do, people naturally wonder if you're just trying to replace what was stolen from you. For so much of my life, my foundation was built on trying to rescue others. I wanted to be the protector. I wanted to prove to the world, and to myself, that I wasn't the monster the shadows of my past tried to make me out to be.

But you... you shifted everything. You aren't someone I need to rescue. You are the one who

makes the mundane, quiet moments of life feel like a lost treasure I've finally unearthed.

I am fighting every day to rebuild my life, to dig myself out of the holes of my past, just so I can finally close the distance between us. Because after spending what feels like a lifetime chasing a vision—questioning my own sanity, wondering if the connection I felt to you was just a lifeline I invented to survive—I know the truth now. You are real. This is real.

And I have to ask... if we truly had to walk away from this, could you let it go? Or would the "what ifs" echo in the back of your mind, the way I know they would in mine?

I want your happiness above all else. I want you to live out your dreams, even if I'm not written into that story. But I won't lie to you. I dream of you every night.

Sometimes it's just the simple things. Walking down an aisle in a grocery store. Crawling into bed at the end of a long day, just to be near you. And then there's that one recurring dream... We're walking after dinner. Maybe we're out in the quiet of nature, under the stars, or maybe we're on a city street, catching the faint sound of a radio from

an open window. I reach out. I grab your hand. I pull you close, and we just slow dance. Not for any grand reason. Just because we can.

It might not be fair to put this on you, my starlight. But I will love you forever and always. And I already know... finding just one moment to have that dance will never be enough.

Truth 4

Hey, you.

I know I've been leaving a lot of these recordings lately. Maybe a part of you is wondering why I couldn't just say all of this when we had the chance to talk face-to-face. I genuinely miss those calls. They were our chance to just shut out the rest of the world and exist, just the two of us.

I wanted to clear the air about something that's been weighing on me. People who know my history have asked if I'm just using you to replace what I lost in my past. I know the question comes from a protective place, but I need you to know my heart: I am not using you to fill a void. This is simply about how undeniably strong our connection is.

There will always be outside noise. There will always be people trying to pit us against one another, or voices telling us that we're putting this relationship on a pedestal. They say we're trying to turn our story into some kind of myth or cosmic fate. But you and I both know that there is something extraordinary here.

I don't like the mundane. I have never wanted the average, predictable life that society expects everyone to conform to. If I lived my life by what other people called "realistic," I never would have chased my dreams, traveled the world, or embraced the beautiful, unconventional paths that led me straight to you.

When my own world was caving in, and the people who were supposed to be my family were looking for every excuse to tear me down... you rescued me. The level of trust and care you showed me in my darkest moment brought me to tears. It made everything we have so tangibly real.

So, if I am insane for believing in us—if I'm insane for wanting a life of adventure, passion, and defying the odds with you—then let them call me insane. I embrace it.

I want you to be happy. I want you to live a life where the only tears that ever touch your face are born from absolute, uncontainable joy. Even if life eventually pulls us in different directions and leaves me with a lifetime of "what ifs," I need you to know this:

Loving you, learning from you, and embracing everything you brought into my life has made me

a better man. I will never deny the beautiful power you have over me.

With all my love... my starlight.

Truth 5

Hey, you.

I just woke up to the snow you playfully jinxed me with. Lying here in the quiet, before the world demands my attention, I realized I didn't know what to expect when I started recording these. Maybe they'll be a gift for you. Maybe they're just a way for me to finally hear my own thoughts out loud.

I've been thinking a lot about the future lately. Building a dream from scratch, trying to dig out of the past to create something real... it's a lonely road. People warned me that chasing this kind of life would isolate me, and they were right. The grind makes it hard to hold onto the world.

But then, there's you.

Throw me into the shadows, give me the mysteries of the universe, the unknown, the things most people run from—I can navigate all of that. I've spent almost two decades staring into the dark, looking for answers. But the normal, everyday human world? That's what confuses me.

Yet, talking to you feels entirely safe.

I miss the simple things. I miss those moments when we can just shut out the noise. I miss hearing your voice, that accent of yours that instantly settles my restless mind. I know the distance is hard, and I know you have your insecurities. You joke about the years between us, or worry that time might change how I see you. But if you think I could ever be that shallow after the profound connection we've found, you don't know how deeply you've anchored my soul.

Sometimes, the things I've faced in my life have been so heavy that I've questioned my own mind. I've wondered if the visions of our future were just my mind's way of surviving the chaos—creating a mythology just to bear the weight of it all. But whatever brought us together... whether it was just the right collision of circumstances, or something pulling the strings in the dark... it made the journey worth it.

You are the closest thing to home I have felt in a very long time.

(A soft chime of a phone receiving a text message is heard.)

And just like that, my screen lights up with your name. It's almost crazy how you always seem to reach out the exact second I'm thinking of you.

I'm going to go see what you said. I'll talk to you later. I love you.

Truth 6

Hey. I promised myself this one would be more positive.

I'm actually feeling... excited. I took a leap today. I started putting things in motion for that new job we talked about. The other night, I stayed late, and honestly? Part of me just didn't want to go home to the same old cycles of drama. It hit me that if I want my life to change, I have to be the one to change it. Hitting thirty does that to you, I guess. It makes you look around and realize it's time to stop waiting and start building.

I want to build a life I can be proud of. A life you deserve.

I know things are heavy right now. I know you're dealing with your health, and I worry about you constantly. It kills me that I can't just be there to take care of you. When you've lost the people you love to illness or violence like I have, the fear of losing someone else you care about this deeply... it lingers in the shadows.

We've both been through the wringer. We've had people try to tear us down, stir up drama, and

pit us against each other. But I stand by the choices I made to protect this. I chose to cut ties with the people who brought poison into my life, because I will always choose the people who show genuine love, care, and support.

Even though I hate the pain of the past, I have to acknowledge it. If I hadn't lost what I lost, if we hadn't faced those storms, I wouldn't be who I am. And we probably wouldn't have found each other.

Sometimes, this distance feels like a cruel game. Like everything I've ever wanted is dangling just out of my reach. But maybe it's not a game. Maybe it's just the universe's way of telling me that I'm almost there. That I just have to keep going, keep pushing, and eventually, the gap will close.

We promised each other that when things get heavy, we just keep checking in. We remind each other that we're still here. That we have each other's backs.

I am in this for the long haul. And no, time isn't going to change that. You can joke about getting older, about gray hairs or wrinkles, but none of that matters to me. Yes, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever known, but that's not why I fell in love with you.

I fell in love with you because, even though we are thousands of miles apart, you feel closer to me than my own heartbeat.

If I'm selfish for wanting to hold onto that, then let me be the greediest man on the planet. You are my treasure, my starlight. And I will fight for this until my last breath.

Truth 7

Hey, you. I'm sorry for the background noise; it feels like it's impossible to find a quiet moment these days.

My head has been pounding today. Between fighting off a migraine and trying to sort out all the paperwork for this new job, my system feels entirely exhausted. Juggling the day job, the business, the side gigs, and everything in between... the grind is heavy right now.

But then I heard your voice today.

I know you're busy, and I know you always apologize when life catches up with you, but I need you to know something: just hearing you is enough. Having you in my life gives me that extra push to overcome the anxiety of it all. You are the motivation I didn't know I was looking for.

The truth is, part of the reason my mind has been spiraling is because I've felt the world closing in on me. The job I have now kept me afloat when the world went crazy, but staying stagnant terrifies me. If I stay still, I'm terrified the one thing I've

been fighting for—the future I'm trying to build—will drift away. I can't let that happen.

That's why I have to take this leap. I have to get on the road. I have to take this new job, even if it means I won't be "home" as much. Let's face it... the closest thing I've had to a real home in this lifetime has been gone for fifteen years. I would give anything to ask my grandfather for advice right now. I'd want to ask him how he knew my grandmother was the one.

Though I think I already know the answer.

Seeing you on your live stream earlier... I'm so incredibly jealous of the people who get to see you and hear you every day. I miss hearing you laugh. I miss the moments when the world falls away and it's just us.

I know you'd tell me that the strength to keep going has to come from within me. But I owe you so much. You've given me more grace and support than anyone else ever has. There are times my anxiety gets the best of me, and I obsessively check my phone just to make sure I haven't missed a message from you. But you've always been willing to meet me halfway.

We had to go through a lot of separation and chaos to grow into the people we are today. But now that we know we're real... now that we've found each other through all the impossible odds... I have to believe we're almost there. There will be turbulence, but we can weather it.

I know I'm rambling, and my head is still spinning, so I'm going to let you go. I just needed to say thank you. For everything.

Truth 8

Hey, beautiful. It's late, and it's quiet here at work tonight. I'm just hoping your migraine has finally let up and you're getting some rest.

I've been doing a lot of reflecting lately. Hitting thirty does that to a person. It makes you look back at the life you've survived and forces you to look forward at the life you actually want to build. For a long time, there were days I wasn't sure I would even make it to this age.

Growing up, I never fit in. No matter how hard I tried, trying to belong to the world around me felt like sacrificing a piece of my soul. I carried the weight of dark memories and heavy pasts, and it left me isolated. I spent years searching for answers, looking for meaning in the shadows, and getting burned by people who only cared about themselves.

But then, there was you.

When the people who should have had my back were eager to tear me down, you showed me nothing but absolute kindness. You became my safe harbor. And what I love most about you is that you're

real with me. When I'm letting my fears or my past dictate my actions, you aren't afraid to call me out. That takes a kind of genuine love and respect that I have spent my whole life looking for.

You worry about getting older, about the years between us or the gray in your hair, but you have to know that none of that matters to me. I've got my own gray hairs showing up. I don't look at you and see the passing of time; I look at you and see the rest of my life.

Our relationship is the closest thing to "home" I have felt in a very long time. That car you helped me get? It isn't just a vehicle to me. It represents freedom. It represents the ability to move forward, knowing I am carrying the belief and the love of the one person who matters most with me.

That's why I have to take this leap. I have to push for this new job and this new future, even if it means sacrificing some of our comfort right now. If I want the future we talk about to come true, I have to meet the universe halfway. I have to put in the work to become the man you deserve.

You are the spark that brings light to everything I do. I owe you an endless, lifelong debt of gratitude and love.

It might be a crazy world, and the road ahead might be unmapped, but my choice is simple. I choose you. Always.

Truth 9

It's just after 5:00 in the morning here. The world is still quiet, but my mind is racing, and I just needed to say this to you.

First, please... never apologize to me for getting caught up in your own life. Whether you're working, resting, or just out chasing your own adventures, I never want you to feel like my anxiety is a chain around your neck. You are the one I want beside me for whatever time I have left in this world, and for that to work, we both have to be free.

I know there are skeptics out there. People who look at the distance between us, the odds we've faced, and the absolute sheer impossibility of our connection, and they doubt it's real. Let them doubt. I am completely done trying to prove the existence of something this magnificent to closed-minded people. Arguing with them just takes time away from something truly sacred.

Because what we have... it feels epic. It feels like mythology. How many people can look up at the stars and feel like the legacy of their love is staring right back at them?

That's why I pour my heart into my stories, my art, and these recordings. I want to build a monument to you. I want to immortalize what you've done for me, so that no matter what the world says, that monument still stands. You might try to tell me that the art was all my doing, but you are the fire that ignited it. You are the muse behind every loose thread of hope in my stories.

When my own family mocked me and brought poison into my life, you stepped in. You gave me the tangible means to get back on my feet, to hit the road, and to finally breathe. You gave me a way out of the dark.

I have to keep moving forward. I have to leave the toxicity behind so I can finally become the man I want to be—the man you deserve.

The plan is in motion. The slow, heavy grind of building my business and settling my past is finally starting to pay off. This new job I'm chasing is going to keep me on the move, but it might just put me one time zone closer to you.

I know you have your own storms to weather right now. But my Starlight... stick with me through this grind. Keep fighting through your messes, and I will keep fighting through mine.

I will meet you at the end of the light. I love you, forever and always

Truth 10

Hey, you.

I tried to go to sleep, but my mind is racing. It's funny... you'd think someone who has spent his life chasing impossible odds and the mysteries of the universe wouldn't be kept awake by the mundane chaos of everyday life. But here I am.

I just survived another massive, pointless fight with my family. The screaming, the accusations, the constant cycle of burning the house down over the slightest inconvenience... I am so completely exhausted by it. It made me realize just how desperately I need to get out. I need to get back out into the world and actually experience life, far away from this noise.

When you grow up surrounded by chaos, I suppose your reaction to the outside world becomes a bit of a trauma response. I don't have the energy for small talk or meaningless conversations anymore. I only want the kind of conversations that leave a mark. The kind of conversations that feel intellectual, almost spiritual—the kind that stick with you long after the words are spoken.

That's what I found with you.

I tell you not to worry when life gets chaotic on your end and you go quiet, but I won't sugar-coat it: the silence just makes hearing from you that much more special. People ask me if I'm going to quit my creative pursuits, my ghost hunts, and my weird little projects now that I've found you. Why would I? Why would you ever walk away from the things that started a fire in your soul?

That's why I worry when things get heavy. I never want what made us *us* to stagnate. The world has gone completely crazy, so maybe we have to be a little crazy ourselves to make something beautiful happen in it.

I don't know how you did it. I don't know how you took a 6'7" guy who makes a living walking into the dark, and completely broke him down. You stripped off my armor, and yet, somehow, you made me feel entirely safe. You made me feel warm. You made me feel loved.

A friend of mine saw your picture on my phone the other day. He told me I was the luckiest bastard on earth to have a woman as gorgeous as you in my life. And he's right, you are beautiful. But all I told him was, *"You should see the way her heart beats."* >

Because that's what keeps me going. The way your soul glows in the dark.

So please, my starlight... don't ever lose that. Let your fire burn. And let it burn anyone who ever tries to take it away from you.

I love you. Forever and always.

Truths 11-20

Truth 11

I finally found a quiet moment. The house is asleep, and for the first time all day, my mind is allowed to just wander to you.

I miss our calls. I miss that feeling of the world falling away until it's just you and me. A therapist recently told me that right now, because of the distance and the timing, we are like two ships passing in the night on completely different oceans. I hate that analogy. But I also know I can't let myself drown in the frustration of it. If I lose myself in the waiting, I lose the energy I need to actually bridge that gap.

So, I'm focusing on the work. I'm clearing my slates, settling the past, and preparing to take this massive leap forward. But if I'm being completely honest... I'm terrified.

I've had a lot of time to reflect lately, and I realized something. For years, I clung so hard to this "lone wolf" persona just to drown out how much I secretly hated being alone. It's easy to charm a crowd, to throw yourself into the work, and to use that creative energy to mask the darker truths underneath. When you spend as much time as I have looking into the shadows and the darker sides of humanity, it leaves a mark on you.

But you... you became the light that pulled me back.

People might say I put you on a pedestal. They might say that the epic, cosmic way I view our connection is just a coping mechanism to deal with the distance. But honestly? It doesn't matter. Because of the magnitude of what you represent in my life—hope for a better future, and a reason to keep fighting—you saved me. I know you are human. I know you have flaws. But I pity anyone who hasn't found someone so truly special that those

little imperfections become completely meaningless.

I want it all with you. I dream of the grand, wild adventures, and chasing the mysteries of the universe by your side. But I also dream of the quiet. The painfully beautiful, mundane moments most people take for granted. Doing the laundry. Buying groceries. A quiet house where we can just find peace at the end of the day.

I am going to make that life happen. I'm taking the steps, right now, to build something that lasts.

But at the end of the day, for this exact moment... there are only two things I really need to say. Thank you for loving me. And thank you for opening my eyes to the fact that a beautiful future is still a possibility.

Forever in my heart, my starlight.

Truth 12

It's the middle of the night here. The world is finally quiet, and I've spent the last few hours just looking back through our very first messages.

Reading those words now... God, what did you do to me? I mean that in the most beautiful way possible. Looking back at the beginning, it blows my mind how quickly I opened up to you. How much I was willing to share, almost instantly. If I had known back then just how much you would mean to me—how fiercely I would want to hold onto you—I think it would have ruined the magic of watching it unfold.

You did something no one else has ever been able to do. You saw me.

You saw right through the act, the practiced charm, the walls I built to keep the world out. You saw past the "monster" my past tried to make me feel like. When I finally confessed the darkest, heaviest parts of my history—the things I kept hidden away in the shadows—you didn't run. You just made me feel safe. You made me feel human.

That is why I am so fiercely protective of you. If anyone dares to speak a word against you, every instinct in my body wants to tear them down. Because this connection... it's a lifeline I will never let go of.

I know you've been right all along. Others in my past have told me I needed to break away from the toxic cycles of my family to save my own sanity, but I never listened to them. I'm listening to you. I'm taking this new job. I'm getting on the road. Despite the chaos and the guilt trips they try to throw at me to keep me chained here, I am finally breaking free. I'm stepping into the next chapter.

Reading those old messages made me realize something else. The intensity I felt for you back then hasn't faded. If anything, it's only grown stronger now that the walls are completely gone.

My starlight... I hope that as this next chapter unfolds, I am able to do as much for you as you have done for me. I owe you an unrepayable debt of gratitude just for loving me the way you do.

I've said it a million times, and I will say it until my last breath: whatever form this life takes, I just want you with me until the very end. I want you to

experience life as freely and as vibrantly as possible, and I hope, one day, I can become half the man you see in me.

I love you.

Truth 13

I'm running on empty right now. I've been awake all night, just pushing through the hours. I know you're busy today, and with it being Valentine's Day, the distance feels a little heavier than usual. I've always thought waiting for one day a year to show you care was a bit lazy, but maybe in a world spinning this fast, we all need a reminder of what truly matters.

I've been meaning to ask you... have you ever listened to the song "Electric Blue"? My mom told me recently that it was my grandfather's favorite song. My niece loves dancing to it. And whenever I hear it, it makes me think of you. It somehow connects three of the most important people in my world.

My therapist told me once that I've built a mythology around us. And maybe there's truth to that. When you survive the kind of darkness I have, the mind searches for meaning. It builds epic stories to help carry the weight and to keep pushing forward. Whether our connection was just a beau-

tiful collision of timing or something more, it doesn't change how it makes me feel.

You give me a reason to look up at the night sky and feel like I'm not alone. Even when the silence gets heavy, and my old fears try to creep back in, it only motivates me to work harder. To be a better man.

And I am taking those steps. My ID is finally sorted, and in a few hours, I'm sitting down with my boss to make this traveling job official. I'm moving forward.

I should probably try to get some sleep before that meeting. But I needed you to know... I owe you the best version of myself.

Happy Valentine's Day, my starlight. Forever and always.

Truth 14

Happy Valentine's Day.

I know I've said before that waiting for a holiday to show someone you love them feels a little lazy. But when life gets chaotic and the world feels like it's spinning out of control, having a day that forces you to pause and just say "I care about you"... it makes the distance a little more tolerable.

Things are moving forward on my end. The new job is looking promising—a little less flying than I thought, but it's a step up. It's a step toward the future. A step toward you. But as I sit here early in the morning, before the rest of the house wakes up, I can't help but wish we were finally having one of our video dates again. Or better yet... I wish I was just there.

If I were there today, I know exactly what I'd do.

I'd wait until you were almost home from your shift. I'd lay down a path of rose petals—starting with yellow, your favorite, and slowly shifting to deep red as they led down the hall. Waiting for you

would be a hot bath, lit by your favorite candles, with soft music playing in the background. A place for you to just sink in and let the exhaustion of the day wash away.

I'd sit beside you. I'd kiss you, just to show you how much I've missed you. And when the water started to get cold, I'd wrap you in a warm towel fresh from the dryer. I'd pull you close, rest my forehead against yours, and just hold the closest thing to an angel this world has ever seen.

I'd carry you to bed. No grand expectations. Just you and me, drifting off to sleep. For once in this crazy life, the world would be perfect.

There is not a single heartbeat that goes by where I don't feel like the luckiest man alive. Not because of some grand, epic destiny, but because it absolutely blows my mind how incredible you are. How kind, how generous, how beautiful you are on the inside and out. People tell me I'm lucky, but they don't even know the half of it.

I have loved you since the moment I knew you were real. As agonizing as it is not to have you in my arms right now, knowing that you are the person I see every time I close my eyes gives me the

strength to keep fighting for this. Even as I'm saying this, my voice is breaking, because I have never felt this deeply for anyone.

I don't get to lay in bed next to you today. I don't get to let my last breath before sleep be spent pressing my lips to yours. But even from thousands of miles away, you have made this Valentine's Day the most meaningful one of my life.

My heart is yours, my starlight. I hope you never have to question that.

Truth 15

It's a little after three in the morning. Work was slow tonight, which just left me with too much time to think.

I heard a story today that completely broke my heart. A woman lost her husband to a sudden heart condition. She told me that on his last night, they had been fighting over something petty. When they went to bed, he reached out for her in the dark. Because she was still angry, she turned her back on him. She didn't realize until the next morning that he hadn't been reaching for a hug; he was reaching out for help.

Hearing that... it just puts everything into perspective. It makes me hyper-aware of the distance between us, and how desperately I want to make sure you always know exactly how much you mean to me. We get so caught up in our own worlds, our own pride, and our own petty arguments, and we forget how fragile this all is.

It's part of the reason I am so exhausted by the constant fighting with my family. My therapist

thinks their recent behavior is just them panicking because they realize I'm finally pulling away. They feel like they are losing control, so they are trying to drag me back into the chaos.

But I am completely done letting their shadows dictate my life.

This is why I have to take this new job. I need to get on the road. I need to get out there and start exploring the world again, on my own terms. I've spent my life looking into the dark, trying to understand the mysteries of the universe and help other people tell their stories. It's time I started focusing on my own.

I'll be honest... recording these tapes has made me realize just how truly alone I feel right now. The isolation is heavy. But I am not going to let the old shadows find their way back in. I am getting my life in order. I am building an exit strategy. This new job is going to be the perfect way to start transitioning into the life I actually want to live.

People might warn me not to rely so heavily on the idea of you and me ending up together. But even my therapist agrees: the future that you represent—a future of peace, freedom, and genuine

love—is exactly the motivation I need to finally break free.

So no matter what happens, my starlight... I owe you for everything. You gave me the reason to finally start moving forward.

Always yours.

Truth 16

I know you have a big day coming up, and even from thousands of miles away, I'll be watching. I actually set up special alerts on my phone just for you. It might sound crazy, but when it comes to you, I never want to miss a single second.

I need to confess something. I've been doing a lot of reflecting, and I realized I've been hiding. For a long time, I've used my family—and even my devotion to you—as a shield to avoid actually living my own life. Because the truth is, stepping into the unknown is terrifying.

In my past, prolonged silence always ended in tragedy. It ended in people disappearing. So now, I despise the distance between us. I catch myself obsessively checking my phone because the thought of losing you paralyzes me. I know I hold on tight—maybe too tight sometimes, because I'm terrified of history repeating itself. But if wanting you in my life makes me greedy, then let me be greedy.

There was a moment that changed everything for me. A moment when you thought I was going to walk away, and I saw the tears in your eyes. That look... it mirrored the deepest, oldest wounds in my own soul. Seeing that pain in you anchored me. It broke through the darkness and the noise in my head, and it gave me a reason to stay and fight.

Taking this next step—breaking free from my past and moving forward—scares the hell out of me. A part of me is desperately searching for an excuse to self-sabotage, to pull the plug and stay in what's familiar. But I know I have to do this. I have to do it for me, and for the chance that one day, I can finally wrap my arms around you, squeeze you tight, and never have to force myself to let you go.

You are so much more than just a partner to me. You are my best friend. My confidant. You are the only person in this world who makes me feel entirely safe. When I am completely stripped down, vulnerable, and exposed... you quiet the screams in my head.

I might feel like I'm floating through a void right now, trying to find my way to a world where we finally make sense. But my starlight... thank you

for being the compass that keeps me moving forward.

There is no one who could ever compare to you. I love you. Always.

Truth 17

I'm talking to you from the road. It's late, and the wind is howling outside the windows, but my mind is entirely on you.

We haven't had much time to ourselves lately. We're trying to build a life together while existing in two completely different worlds, and honestly, some days the distance is maddening. But I told you from the beginning: you are the one risk I will always take.

My therapist reminded me recently that you can't just sit around and hope for a beautiful future to manifest; you have to put in the work. You have to show the universe you are willing to do whatever it takes. That's exactly what I'm doing right now. I am fighting through the wreckage of my past to clear my debts, change my life, and come into this as free of baggage as humanly possible. I want to be the best version of myself for you.

I know I've never been normal. I've spent my life looking into the shadows. But a part of me will always be the kind of man who is willing to walk

through the fire if it means protecting the people I care about. If it means protecting you.

Looking back, there were moments in my life where the darkness almost won. There were accidents, close calls, and moments of absolute despair where some unexplainable force—some voice in the dark—pulled me back from the edge. It made sure I kept breathing. For years, I tried to understand why.

But thinking about you now, I know why. I survived so I could find you. And now, I have to make myself someone worth fighting for. I want to become the kind of man the universe doesn't regret saving.

I know you're busy this weekend, but my line is always open. My phone has a special ringtone just for you, and no matter where I am or what I'm doing, I am always ready to answer. I have to ask, though... can you feel me right now? The way we always seem to sense when the other is shifting, even from thousands of miles away? Because I can feel you.

I just pulled into the driveway. It's freezing out here, so I'm going to head inside. I love you, forever

and always. I hope that when you finally hear this, you understand exactly why I'm fighting so hard.

Truth 18

Hey, you.

I'm feeling a bit under the weather tonight, so my voice might sound a little different. I've been sitting here thinking about what you said—about stepping outside your comfort zone for this trip, but still feeling that flicker of worry. It honestly stuns me that someone as incredible as you—the person who effectively saved me just by being who you are—would ever feel that way.

People tell me I've put you on a pedestal. But maybe those reminders of our shared fears are what allowed us to bond in the first place. It wasn't just our shared interests or the jokes we tell. It wasn't even the feeling that we've known each other for a thousand lifetimes.

What allowed us to truly build this... is the fact that we could finally just be ourselves. Vulnerabilities and all.

Going back through our earliest messages, I realized you broke through an armor that I've worn for a very long time. In truth, I haven't needed it

with you. But as I try to move forward, things are coming to the surface that are overwhelming. I find myself wanting to reach out and grip the one person I trust more than anyone else in this world. I don't want to be a weight that keeps you from flying, so I put those feelings here instead.

My feelings for you have forced me to take an honest inventory of my life. I've had to look at what I need to leave behind—what I need to set ablaze so the ashes can find a new purpose. I've looked at the secrets, the lies, and the broken branches of my family tree, and I've realized that I have to choose my own path. I have to choose the people who show genuine love, not just the ones who share my blood.

I know you've worried that outside voices might change how I feel about you. Please, never doubt this: I chose you of my own accord. No one else. And I will continue to choose you every single day.

I know it will take time to make our goals a reality. But regardless of what the future holds, I am with you.

So, as you spread your wings this weekend, know that I'm rooting for you. I truly pray that our reunion won't have to wait for the stars or whatever comes next. I want it here.

Take flight, my starlight. I'll be right here when you land.

Truth 19

My voice is still a bit rough tonight, so I'm just putting these thoughts down while the house is finally quiet. I haven't heard from you today, and I truly hope you're out there just having the time of your life.

I'll admit, the silence still triggers that old part of me—the part that defaults to uncertainty and a bit of a protective paranoia. It's a byproduct of a life I'm trying to leave behind. I've put down my weapons, but sometimes the "itch" to be on guard still finds me.

I keep thinking back to this time last year, when we almost let the noise of the world pull us apart. I remember the mistakes I made when I thought the tightrope we were walking was too thin to hold us. I remember the look in your eyes in that one photo—the heartbreak I caused when I let a ghost from my past distract me from the future we were building.

But you stayed. You helped me through the wreckage. Your generosity didn't just help me get

back on my feet; it made you a permanent staple of the better life I've been hunting for. I look at that photo now, and I see the same spirit that has saved my life more times than I can count.

And I have an update. Finally.

The new job is shifting shape, but it looks like it's happening. It's a traveling role—full-time, better benefits, and a real path forward. I told them I'm ready. After six years in the same spot, change isn't just overdue; it's necessary for my survival. I haven't told my family yet. They don't deserve to know my moves until I'm already gone.

As I type this, I can hear the same old drama and chaos through the walls of this house. It's a constant reminder of why I'm fighting so hard to get out. I'm tired of the nonchalant way people treat the things that should be sacred. I'm ready to leave the rants and the toxicity behind.

I'll be there to support you tomorrow, watching from afar like I always am. I miss your voice. I miss the way you see the world.

To my starlight... let's fly to better days. I'm ready when you are.

Truth 20

Today is your big day, and I'll admit... I'm a little jealous. I've always preferred the quiet, private investigations over the public ones, but seeing you out there, chasing the unknown, reminds me of why I started this journey in the first place.

My work is finally getting noticed. People are reaching out, offering to tell my story, wanting a piece of the "Specialist of the Strange." But the more I build this business, the more I realize that my strict codes—the way I live, the way I keep my circle small and clean—it all stems from a burden I've carried since I was a child.

You're right... a lot of how I act is tied to the scars of my past. It's hard not to feel like a monster when your own mother brands you as one before you're even old enough to go to school. I spent years living in the shadow of a father I wanted nothing to be like, fighting a reputation I didn't ask for.

But then, something impossible happened.

When I was just a kid myself, a vision of a daughter from the future saved my life. People can call it a hallucination, they can call it a trick of the mind, but I know what I saw. She looked just like me. And in that moment, I realized something: if I had a daughter willing to break the laws of logic just to stop me from giving up, then maybe... just maybe... I was a man worth saving.

I decided then that I would spend the rest of my life becoming a father she could be proud of. And that meant figuring out how to be the man her mother deserved.

We might be misreading this entire cosmic ordeal, but that's why I keep you so close. You aren't just my starlight; you're my best friend. You're the one who keeps me on track when the world starts to feel like a void. I've been fighting this world alone for so long that being with someone as genuinely good as you is a brand-new experience. If I'm stubborn, it's only because I'm still learning how to let someone in.

I'm going to have the house to myself for a while soon. Just me and the occasional ghost. I'm hoping we can finally find a few hours of freedom

to just be together, without the interruptions and the noise of the world. I'm tired of being looked at through the lens of other people's' decency. I just want to be me, with you.

Thank you... for everything. It's because of you that I actually feel closer to the man I want to be. I hope this journey is a long one, where we finally get to walk side by side and leave all the screens behind.

I love you. Always.

Truths 21-30

Truth 21

Hey, you. I'm fighting off a head cold tonight, so if I sound a little rough, that's why.

I hope you had an amazing time on your trip today. I know stepping out of your comfort zone and navigating the chaos of the world gives you anxiety, but you did it. And honestly, your courage stuck with me, because I know you've been trying to nudge me to do exactly the same thing. For a couple of people who exist an ocean apart, we really are remarkably similar.

I was at a therapy session earlier today, and I found myself confessing something big. Since turning thirty, I've realized that the heavy, stoic ar-

mor I've worn for most of my life is finally starting to fall off. The walls I built to survive the people who were supposed to protect me—the people who actually sought to break me down—are gone. And what's coming through underneath is something raw, emotional, and intensely poetic.

People tell me I shouldn't rely so heavily on the cosmic, supernatural connection we share. They worry I'm using it as a shield. But the truth is, while the supernatural gave us a common language, that isn't what made me fall in love with you.

I fell in love with you because, with you, I could just be myself. Vulnerabilities, shadows, and all.

I am so tired of the noise here. Even as I record this, I can hear the screaming and the chaos from the next room. It's exhausting. But there's a light at the end of the tunnel.

My boss offered me a new position today. It's full-time, and it's going to put me on the road. I'll be traveling across state lines, chasing the horizon, and finally getting the space I need to breathe. It means I can get back to doing what I do best—exploring the strange, the unknown, and the hidden

histories of the world, but doing it on my own terms.

My mind is moving in a million different directions lately. Between the new job, the investigations, and just trying to make sense of my own history, it feels like everything is shifting at once. But you are the only person I truly trust to share all of this with. I hope these recordings never feel overwhelming to you; I'm just trying to speak my truth into the void, hoping it reaches you.

You may not have been the sole driving force behind all this change, my starlight, but you were one hell of a catalyst. And as far as I'm concerned, that just proves I was right to choose you.

With all my heart.

Truth 22

It's early Monday morning. I haven't heard from you yet, and I'm hoping you made it home safe from your trip. I worry about you. And you know what? I'm just going to say it. If you didn't want me to worry about you, you shouldn't have made it so damn easy to fall in love with you.

I've been doing a lot of reflecting lately. I had a breakthrough in therapy today, and I need to start with an apology.

In the past, I've clung to you. I've put unnecessary pressure on us because I was using you as a lifeline. When you've spent your life surrounded by people who only see you as something to control, or someone to fear... finding someone who just sees *you* is intoxicating. You are one of the only people in this world who looks at me and doesn't see a monster, or a bodyguard, or a character. You just see me.

And because of that, I realized what I am actually terrified of.

I'm not just afraid of losing this relationship. I am terrified of being forgotten by the one good person I have in my life.

Everyone else who mattered has left. The family I risked my life for doesn't acknowledge me. Robin Williams once said that the worst thing in life isn't ending up alone; it's ending up with people who make you feel alone. Because you never made me feel alone, I held on too tight. I let my own insecurities do you wrong, and I am so sorry for that.

My therapist told me something today that changed how I see things. They told me that I need to let the things that motivate me be *satellites*, not lifelines.

I fell in love with that idea. A satellite isn't something you drag down to earth to save you. It's something beautiful that you look up to in the darkest of nights to help you navigate your own way.

That's what you are to me. You are my satellite. You are my starlight.

I don't want to be a ghost in your life. I know the future isn't set in stone, and we don't know exactly how this distance between us will close. But I

am stepping forward on my own two feet now. I'm going to keep looking up at the light you brought into my life, and I'm going to let it guide me home.

I love you. More than I ever anticipated.

Truth 23

It's early morning here. You're likely still asleep, resting up for your shift. I should be sleeping too, but my mind is racing, and I just needed to talk to you.

I find myself missing those moments when we could just isolate ourselves from the rest of the world. Just you and me, shutting out the noise. When you're trying to build a life while surrounded by a past that constantly tries to drag you backward, those quiet moments with you are everything.

I had a realization recently about why I push myself so hard. For most of my life, my work, my creative pursuits, my obsession with the unknown... they were all just a fortress. I built my own world because I desperately needed an escape from the one I was handed. I needed to prove that I wasn't the monster my history tried to make me out to be. I built a life to survive.

But someone asked me a question that stopped me in my tracks: *If I finally let go of that pain, if I*

didn't need the armor anymore... would I still keep going? > I had to really think about it. And the answer is yes.

Because underneath the survival instincts and the need to prove myself, I actually found genuine joy. I want to keep exploring the strange and beautiful parts of this world, but I want to do it for the simple, pure joy of it.

And I want you right there beside me.

I want the quiet, mundane moments with you. I want to go grocery shopping, take slow walks, and just exist in the peace we've fought so hard for. But I won't lie—I still want the grand adventures, too. I want to explore abandoned places and chase the mysteries of the universe with you by my side.

I know *Pride and Prejudice* is your favorite, and you once told me I remind you of Mr. Darcy. My mind can't help but envision the kind of grand, romantic gestures I want to pull off for you when the time is finally right. You gave me back my inspiration. You gave me back my joy.

I look around at the physical reminders I have of you—the gifts, the photos, the life I'm trying to build—and they are all tangible proof that some-

how, you are real. I wish I could just open a door and step through the void to see you right now.

I know that when the day finally comes for us to stand face-to-face, it will change everything. It might be overwhelming, but just like everything else we've survived, we will come out stronger than ever.

Sleep well, my starlight. I'll meet you in dreamland.

Truth 24

It's the middle of the night. The house is quiet, but the tension from the day is still hanging in the air. I've been doing a lot of thinking about where I belong, and the truth is... I don't fit in here. I don't fit in with the chaos or the noise. The more I try to force it, the more I realize I just need to get out and build a space of my own.

I miss the days when our phones were constantly lighting up with each other's names. I know life gets in the way—the back-to-back shifts, the exhaustion, the distance—but I want to make sure I'm doing my part to take care of you, even from afar. I hope that little surprise I sent helps make your long nights a bit easier.

I've been working hard to get my head right. I never want to hold onto you out of desperation or let my anxieties ruin the best thing I've ever had. My therapist gave me a phrase that I've fallen in love with: *Satellites, not lifelines.* > I've been trying to launch a few more satellites of my own lately. I pitched a few scripts recently, and one of them...

well, it's basically our story. A romance with a twist, inspired by the way you and I see the world. If it gets picked up, amazing. If not, it's just another piece of art you've inspired. I'm putting the work in, setting up my life to run on its own, and getting ready to hit the road.

I just turned thirty. I spent so much of my life feeling like I wouldn't make it this far, just trying to quiet the noise in my head before my time ran out. But now? Now I actually want to see what happens next.

I've talked so much about the "mythology" of us. How epic and cosmic our connection feels. But I had a realization. The grand, mythological stories we know only got that way after years of being told and retold. To actually build a love on that grand of a scale, you have to confront the messy, beautiful, human part of it first.

You can't just wait for the stars to come crashing down to you. Most of them burn up before they ever hit the ground. You have to build your way up to them.

That's exactly what I'm doing. I am getting my life sorted so that when the day finally comes for

me to cross the distance and stand in front of you, I am standing tall on my own two feet.

No matter how quiet things get between us, no matter how tense the world becomes, my ultimate goal is you. Please, don't ever doubt how much I love you.

I'm hoping we can find time for a call soon. I really miss your face.

Truth 25

It's officially March. I'm taking a brief moment away from the chaos of packing up my life just to sit and think of you.

I'm hoping these next few weeks bring some massive changes. I've been stripping my life down to the studs, trying to evaluate exactly what I want to carry into the future I'm building. And more importantly... what I have to let go of to make it happen.

You once called me a dark horse. You didn't mean it with any malice, and honestly, I wear it like a badge of honor. I don't fit into the neat little boxes society builds. I love the peace of a quiet morning, but there is a restless spirit inside me that just needs to hit the road and see what else is out there in the dark. I found that same untamed spirit in you.

But stepping into that future means making the hardest choice I've ever had to make. It means finally cutting ties with the toxic cycles of my family. And by default... it means leaving my niece be-

hind. I hold onto the memories of her finding comfort in the sound of my voice just to remind myself that there is still some purity left in this world. But you were the one who told me the hard truth: an anxious mind will always find a beautiful excuse to stay stuck.

I've been working so hard to learn how to stand on my own two feet. I am trying to unlearn the trauma that makes me want to cling to you like a life raft. I want to be a whole, complete man for you. Though I'll admit... I still keep your picture right beside me when I sleep, even when I'm on the road. I clearly still have a long way to go to fully heal.

Sometimes I wonder if I could miraculously rewrite my traumatized brain, would I still need to search the shadows and the unknown for an escape? Or is that just a part of my soul? I suppose that is a voyage all on its own.

Tomorrow, I finish packing. I'm heading out to a place heavy with history and old ghosts to try and clear my head. I know you have your own chaotic schedule, but I am really hoping we can finally have that video date when you get some time off. I miss

your voice. I won't rush you, and I never want you to feel like you have to be at my beck and call.

Just... don't forget me, my starlight.

Truth 26

It's the middle of the night here, and I'm just sitting in the quiet, thinking about you.

I hope your big day goes perfectly tomorrow. I know you get nervous stepping in front of the camera, but I am so incredibly proud of you. You are one of the few people in this world who genuinely deserves recognition. I'll be watching and cheering you on from the dark, just like I always do.

It's funny... while you're stepping into the spotlight, I'm finally getting some recognition of my own. Some serious academic circles are actually reviewing my work. After everything we've been through, it feels like we're both finally stepping into our own power. We're putting in the work, and the world is starting to notice.

I needed that win, because the chaos here is reaching a breaking point. The environment with my family has become so hostile and careless that I realized I can't keep making excuses for them. I am done trying to save people who refuse to change.

I have to focus on building my own life now.

The debt relief is working. The slow grind of getting my finances in order is finally paying off. I'm looking at travel jobs—jobs that will get me out of this house and out on the road. But I'll confess something to you... I found my old passport the other day. I haven't finalized anything, and I don't want to make rash decisions while I'm fired up, but I am looking into opportunities that might actually put me in your time zone.

I'm not doing it *just* for you. I'm doing it to claim my own independence, to finally see the world, and to chase my own ghosts. But I'd be lying if I said you weren't the gravity pulling me in that direction.

My therapist reminded me recently that I shouldn't place all my reliance on the idea of us. And they're right. I know I have my own anxieties. I know I catch myself obsessively checking my phone when you go quiet, terrified that I missed a message from you. But please, never let my anxiety make you feel shackled. That is my cross to bear. It's my battle to fight, and I am fighting it so that

when the day finally comes for us to stand face-to-face, I am completely ready.

I want to be the man you deserve. I hope with everything in me that you choose me. But above all else, I just want you to be happy. I want you to find strength, health, and absolute peace, no matter where life takes us.

But just for the record... I'm betting on us.

I love you. Forever and always.

Truth 27

The house is entirely quiet today. Being isolated out here has given me a lot of time to think, and naturally, my mind went straight to you.

I panicked recently when the distance between us felt heavier than usual. My first instinct was to assume that you had realized how messy I am, and that you were quietly stepping away to protect yourself. But in this silence, I realized the truth: I am just not used to a relationship feeling this safe. I've never made it this far before.

My whole life, I survived by putting up walls. I wore a stoic, untouchable mask because playing the part of the hardened protector was the only way I knew how to stay safe. But since you came into my life... that armor doesn't fit anymore. It's heavy, and it's sliding right off me.

When I strip all of that away, the truth is terrifyingly simple. I don't want to be at war anymore. I just want to be loved. I want the quiet, mundane moments with you. I want to hold you when you're sick, and I want to walk down the street

holding your hand. I have never felt an intensity like this before, but with you, I don't doubt it. I know how good you are to me.

Even the friends who know me best see the change in me. They all tell me the same thing: I need to cross the ocean and marry you.

I've been holding off on saying this until we could speak face-to-face, but I am making the moves. I am getting my passport ready.

My starlight, there is going to come a time very soon where we have to do what we've been avoiding. We are going to have to eliminate the screens we hide behind and bring this into the real world. It is going to force us both into a vulnerable, terrifying position, but it is the only way forward. We have to take the risk.

I'm sending you all my strength for your big moment on camera tomorrow. I love you with all my heart. No matter what happens... please, keep flying.

Truth 28

It's a beautiful day outside. I'm about to go for a walk to clear my head, but I couldn't leave without saying this first.

Lately, our conversations have felt like passing notes in a crowded hallway. They are meaningful, yes, but they are fleeting. And I can't shake the feeling that you are carrying a weight you aren't ready to share. I'm not here to pressure you, but I need you to know that I feel it.

I've dropped hints recently about finally crossing the ocean to see you. When those hints go unacknowledged, I won't lie—it stings. My therapist suggested that given everything you're navigating right now, you just might not be ready to make it concrete. I sincerely hope that's the case. I am not judging your hesitation, because if this were to crash and burn, I am just as vulnerable as you are.

But this longing... this desperate need to just share a silent moment with you in my arms... it poured out of me recently. I wrote a song about it. It's a conversation between a young man and

his grandfather—the only man he ever knew who got love right, who made it to "until death do us part." He's asking his grandfather how he knew his grandmother was the one.

I think I already know the answer.

Everything else in my life is finally moving forward. My work is gaining traction, the business is growing, and my life is taking shape. But I need to know that *we* are moving toward something, too. I can't stay stuck in the stagnation.

I want to get married. I want to build a family. I know the challenges we face, but there are so many ways to build a family, and so many kids out there who just need someone to love them. We can't save the whole world, but we can save the ones we can.

What we have to do to make this work is going to test us. It's going to feel like an earthquake. But there is no one else I want to take this journey with. If I can be selfish for just one minute: I want to be your husband.

But if you choose to stay exactly where you are, I will respect it. All I ask is that you tell me the truth. It would hurt like hell, but I would rather

carry the truth than be left haunted by a lifetime of "what ifs."

The vulnerability I feel with you is genuinely terrifying, but you have been the light that guided me to become the man I want to be.

Thank you for being that light, my starlight. If something is weighing on you, my line is always open. I love you.

Truth 29

It's early morning, and I'm slowly getting ready for work. The house is still quiet, but my mind is loud.

I've been doing a lot of reflecting lately. I realize you have a lot going on in your world, and the time we actually get to talk is running slim. Right now, the only thing keeping me afloat is the reminder that if something was truly wrong between us, you would say it.

But I have to level with you. I've dropped hints recently about finally crossing the ocean to see you in person. When you didn't acknowledge them, it stung.

My therapist has been sounding like a broken record lately, telling me I need to remove you from the equation when I plan my future. They worry that I'm anchoring my life to a situation that is destined to cause pain. And I know the thought of the truth getting out scares you. I know the logistics of us are terrifying. But things have gotten too deep for me to just sit here in the dark anymore.

I treasure you. I know from the bottom of my heart that loving you has forged me into a better man. But the version of me that was willing to sit in ambiguity—the version of me that was content to hide behind a screen—is fading away. The man standing in his place knows exactly what he wants, and he is determined to go after it.

What he wants is you.

I know our conversations lately feel like passing notes in a hallway, and maybe that's all we have the bandwidth for right now. But I am not going to live the rest of my life in a digital ghost story. I have already started charting the costs. I've started a separate savings account.

I'm coming.

I am not coming to pressure you. I am not coming to force a grand, romantic movie scene. But we cannot sit in this ambiguity forever. We have to break the screen. We have to cross the bridge.

If we are going to do this, we both have to make serious sacrifices. But whatever choice you make, I need you to make the one you can actually live with. Because I am building a life where I can stand strong, regardless of what you decide. I want you. I

want the messy, real, human reality of you. But if I can't have that, I need to know, so we can both finally move on.

I have fallen harder for you than I ever thought possible. You have left a mark on my soul that no one else could ever measure up to, and I don't want anyone else to even try.

But it is time to get boots on the ground. I am coming.

With all my love.

Truth 30

I woke up today with my chest tight, just worrying about you.

You are one of the most strong-willed women I have ever known, and I respect the hell out of you for it. But with this surgery looming over you, even your strength isn't enough to settle the anxiety I'm feeling.

This is the absolute cruelest part of the distance. It's moments like these where the miles between us feel impossible. The part of me that is wired to protect you wants to break down doors just to be in the same room as you.

My therapist asked me what I would do if I were sitting right across from you right now. I told her I wouldn't be able to fight the urge to just pull you in and hold you tight, hoping that my warmth could somehow make the fear go away. But if I'm being completely honest... that hug would be just as much to comfort me as it would be for you. I hate not being there.

I know you've been anxious about the procedure. I know you've worried about the recovery, and even the physical scars this might leave behind. Please, never let your mind convince you that a scar, or a wrinkle, or the simple passing of time could ever make me want you less. Your body makes it hard to keep my eyes off you, yes. But it is your soul that I fell in love with.

You sent me a quote when we first started falling for each other. You said, *"For it was not into my ear you whispered, but into my heart. It was not my lips you kissed, but my soul."* > I still have that saved. Because even now, with an ocean between us and the heavy weight of the unknown hanging over our heads, it describes us perfectly.

You are going to be okay. Take all the time you need to heal. I will be right here waiting for you.

All my love.

Truths 31-39

Truth 31

My head is pounding today. I'm fighting off a cold, but the physical sickness is nothing compared to the ache of the distance right now. I know you're out on an investigation tonight, and with your own illness flaring up, I know I probably won't hear from you.

I brought this up in therapy again. The frustration. The agonizing jealousy I feel toward the people who actually get to stand in the same room as you. My therapist warned me that this kind of fixation can build resentment if I'm not careful. And they're right. But it is incredibly hard to be rational when the woman I love is facing surgery, and all I

can do is stare at a screen from thousands of miles away.

I miss seeing your name light up my phone. I miss your voice.

I'm looking around at my life, trying to figure out what I can sell, what second job I can take, just to get the money to close this gap faster. The travel job went quiet, so I have to find another way. I am just so tired of hiding. I am so tired of loving you through a phone. I want to be the one who nurses you when you fall.

But something happened today that made me pause. After I finished watching my grandmother's house, she called to tell me she found long, white feathers scattered across her bed. She doesn't own any feather bedding. She laughed and said angels must have stopped by.

If she only knew.

I'm going to try to sleep this cold off. If you go live tonight, I'll be watching in the dark, supporting my lady like I always do. By the way... that new photo you posted is absolutely beautiful.

I love you. Forever and always.

Truth 32

It's the evening before St. Patrick's Day. My head is still heavy with this cold, but my heart is so much heavier.

I haven't stopped thinking about our conversation last night. Hearing that you've been feeling so low, that the weight of your medical issues and the anxiety are pushing you to the edge... it terrifies me. Not because you are asking for help—I admire the hell out of you for taking the steps to fight this—but because I am sitting an ocean away, entirely helpless.

My whole life, my instinct has been to protect the people I care about. To step in front of the storm and take the hit so they don't have to. It is agonizing to realize that the one person I want to protect more than anyone else in this world is someone I can't even reach out and hold.

I'll admit, I've been fighting my own insecurities today. I see you turning to live streams and strangers on a screen to find a distraction, and a selfish part of me aches. A part of me feels like I'm

failing you, wishing I could be the one to pull you out of the dark.

But I have to set my pride aside. Because the truth is, I don't care how you find your peace right now, as long as you find it. If talking to a camera gives you the distraction you need to survive the day, then do it. Ghost hunts, TV appearances, the noise of the internet... none of it matters. The only priority is you getting better.

I am cutting through the chaos and the noise of my own life here, stepping back from the family drama, because I need to focus on what is genuinely good. And you are the best thing I have. You have been the spark behind my best art, my best music, and the best version of myself.

The thought of you slipping away... of you joining the spirits we spend so much time chasing... it completely breaks me. I cannot lose you.

So please, do whatever you have to do to heal. But know that whenever you need me, whenever you are ready... just say the word. I am always right here.

Truth 33

It's St. Patrick's Day. The silence on my phone is heavy today, and honestly, my mind has been spinning with worry for you.

My therapist pointed something out to me recently. They said I should look at how you're diving into your live streams and your investigations right now, and recognize it for what it is. You are doing the exact same thing I used to do. You are throwing yourself into the noise to distract yourself from the fear. Despite the ocean between us, we really are cut from the same cloth.

I am trying so hard not to blow up your phone. I know what it's like to feel suffocated when you're just trying to survive the day, and the last thing I ever want to do is make this harder for you. So I am learning to step back. I am learning how to hold space for you without forcing my way into it.

But I have to admit... the distractions aren't working for me anymore. For years, I used the ghost hunts, the TV appearances, the books, and the art to hide from my own isolation. But I've

built up a tolerance to it. The armor doesn't work anymore. I can't hide behind my craft, because all I want is to be standing next to you.

I've thought about sending you these recordings, just to prove how deeply you are loved. But I know we are still navigating the secrecy of what we are, and I don't want to hand you a heavy burden while you are already trying to heal. So for now, these recordings are just my release valve. They are how I clear my head so I can stay focused on becoming the man you deserve.

We've talked so much about the cosmic connection between us. But I am done relying on the mystical. I want the physical. I want the real.

I want to see you flourish. I want to cross the ocean, hold you tight, and show you exactly how long I have yearned for you. I want us to stand side-by-side in the real world, so that whenever the darkness tries to creep up on either of us again... our reason for fighting is standing right there.

Get some rest today, my starlight. I love you. Don't ever forget that.

Truth 34

Hey, you. It's March 19th.

Putting these diaries together forced me to look back at the timeline of us. And today marks the anniversary of our very first video date. I remember how anxious I was, but the second we started talking, it all came so naturally. I never want to lose that feeling.

I know you're going through hell right now with the medical tests and the looming surgery. And I hate the fact that I'm not there physically to sit with you through it. I fucking hate the distance. I didn't expect to fall this hard for someone an ocean away.

I'll admit, a part of me used to get jealous when you would turn to live streams and social media to check out of reality. But I'm realizing that when you are facing the kind of terrifying things you are right now, you just need an escape. You need to unplug. If I were in your shoes, I'd want to do the exact same thing.

I've seen the darkest, most extreme sides of this world. It has always made it hard for me to truly connect with people. That's why I miss our quiet moments so much. No live streams, no business stress, no noise. Just you and me, talking about absolutely nothing, shutting the world out.

I am trying so hard not to let my own paranoia convince me that I'm pushing you away. I'm holding onto the fact that you still reach out every single day, just to hear my voice. I'm trusting that the love hasn't faded; it has just settled into something quieter while we weather this storm.

My life is finally turning a corner. The finances are shifting, and I can realistically start planning to cross that ocean. I want to get rid of this distance. I want to be with you for the rest of my life. I want to be your husband.

What have you done to me, Marianne? I used to be able to shake things off and walk away, but not with you. You broke right through my armor.

I hope you know that whatever you have to go through next, I am in your corner. I am cheering for you every step of the way. I'm still here, my

starlight. And I'm not going anywhere... unless it's closer to you.

Truth 35

It's just before noon here. I'm going through the motions, lining up the work, and just trying to keep the momentum going. Right now, momentum feels like the only thing working in my favor.

I know you're transitioning onto your new medication and taking some time to rest. I've been reading up on what you're taking, just trying to understand it so I can support you better. It is absolute torture not being able to physically be there for you right now. I just want to sit beside you. I want to bring you a warm meal, or hold you, or just exist in the same room. But all I can do is record these little videos and send them into the void, hoping you know I'm still here.

I can't just glide through this distance anymore. I want to bridge the gap. I want to break through the ambiguity of these digital screens.

I've had to face some hard truths lately. For a long time, I let myself rot in stagnation. I tried to become an emotional hermit because hiding was easier than trying. I told myself I had to stay here

to protect my niece, but the truth is... I was using her as a convenient excuse to hide from my own life. I love that little girl to death, but she is not my responsibility, and I cannot stay in this toxic environment anymore. I have to leave. And the only direction I want to go is toward you.

Lately, our interactions feel like adult versions of passing notes in a school hallway. I catch myself waiting on edge, just listening for your specific ringtone to give me proof that you're still there. When the person you want most in the world is thousands of miles away, you grip onto whatever tiny threads you can find.

But I am done hiding how I feel about you. You are my starlight.

I have shed more tears over the hope and the love you have given me than I ever did for the nightmares of my past. The nightmares just aren't coming for me anymore. You helped me open my eyes, and for the first time in my life... I am free.

You're the one I want.

Truth 36

It's 2:23 in the morning. My mind is racing, and it absolutely blows my mind how much I find myself worrying about you.

A paranoid part of my brain keeps trying to convince me that I'm doing something wrong—that you're quietly pulling away, deciding I no longer fit into your world. But I talked about it in therapy today. They reminded me that you aren't trying to push me away; you are just fighting a battle that requires all of your energy right now.

You are dealing with medical exams, new medications, the brain fog, and the looming threat of surgery. My instinct is to run in and save you, but I can't. So I watch you log onto TikTok and live streams to distract yourself, and I have to admit... I get jealous. I get jealous that you are spending time with strangers on a screen instead of me.

But I know that isn't fair. If I were in your shoes, fighting the exhaustion and the fear, I would probably need to unplug and escape reality, too. I used to do the exact same thing when I was

younger. I used the ghost hunts, the interviews, and the noise of the world to drown out the trauma of my own past. You are just doing what you have to do to survive the day. Who am I to try to stop you?

I am working so hard to clear my head of all the excuses that held me back. I am not the monster my family tried to make me out to be. I am the man you see in me. And striving for that version of myself is the only thing giving me hope right now.

I am getting my life back on track. My work is gaining traction, the debts are getting paid, and I am finally waiting on the checks I need to get my passport renewed. I am ready to say goodbye to the chaos of my family. I can't live in this toxic environment anymore. The only direction I am going is closer to you.

I know the distance and the logistics make the idea of us coming out into the open feel like an earthquake. It is going to require both of us to make massive sacrifices, and I know that terrifies you. But I am getting ready for it. I am building a life where I can stand strong enough to handle whatever comes next.

Please, just reach out when you have a calm moment. Just let me know you're still there. I am not going anywhere. I am going to keep working, keep building, and keep fighting until I can finally stand beside you in the real world.

Get some rest, my starlight. I love you.

Truth 37

It's Saturday, just before noon. I'm taking a break from the yard work, sitting in the quiet, and thinking about you.

I watched your livestream last night. Even though I know you were exhausted, you seemed so completely in your element. Getting to see you smile is everything to me. And your voice... I know you are critical of your own accent, but it is the most soothing sound in the world. It cuts right through the chaos here.

I have to tell you something. I know you didn't respond the last time I brought up the idea of showing up in Dublin, but I can't shake the feeling that I need to close this gap. So last night... I submitted my passport application. I should have it in my hands by May.

I am quietly building up my life so that when the time comes to step out into the open, I am completely ready for you. I know some people might say it isn't healthy to use another person as your main motivation to get your life together. But

when you've survived the kind of darkness I have, you take whatever motivation you can get to reach the light. And I would much rather pour my energy into keeping you in my life than waste another drop of it on the toxicity of my past.

I want to keep the best thing that ever happened to me, so the worst things that happened to me can finally be left behind.

I'm putting the work in. I'm taking classes, getting certifications, and stepping into the career I've always wanted but never felt I had the credentials for. My work is finally being recognized by academic institutions. I am laying down the foundation for a real future.

My therapist told me recently that there have been genuine, documented neurological shifts in my brain. The therapy is working. I am actually healing. And honestly? It scares the living hell out of me. Unlearning a lifetime of survival tactics is intimidating. But it is the direction I have to move in.

I think we are both on our way to something beautiful. It is my sincere hope that when the dust

settles, our separate roads will finally merge into one.

Get some rest today. And please know... if there is ever anything heavy on your mind, do not be afraid to reach out. I will always make time and space for you.

Truth 38

It's just past noon. I went to the store earlier, and through sheer, bizarre timing, I watched the past finally catch up to itself.

There were police lights in the parking lot. A K-9 unit. And as the dust settled, I saw her in handcuffs. My stepmother. Anyone else would be horrified by a scene like that, but knowing what she put me through... watching the universe finally balance the scales gave me a quiet kind of catharsis.

But as the ghosts of my past are finally being locked away, I find myself terrified by the silence in my present.

When we talked recently, it didn't feel like I was talking to my girlfriend. You were dodging the conversation, retreating into the noise of social media instead of talking to me. I'll admit, it stung at first. But then I remembered being fifteen years old, terrified and alone, using every ounce of attention I could get just to drown out the reality of my life. I know you're exhausted. I know the weight of everything is crushing you right now. If the digital

noise is the only way you know how to disconnect and survive the day, I understand.

But I also remember what happened exactly a year ago. I remember the photo you sent me, your eyes completely flooded with tears, because you fully believed I was walking out of your life.

I need you to listen to me carefully. I do not leave the people who have been good to me.

Before you, I lived with constant nightmares. I used to wake up in a cold sweat, dreaming of running toward screams I couldn't reach, watching people die right in front of me. But since you walked into my life... the nightmares are gone. You gave me a safe place to finally set down my armor. You made me feel like I could be completely exposed, and for the first time in my life, I wasn't afraid. How could I ever walk away from the woman who gave me peace?

If there is a battle you are fighting right now that you aren't ready to share, I won't force you. But please, don't feel like you have to fight it alone.

I am not going anywhere. The urge to physically run across that ocean to you is tearing at me. I

made a promise to stay, and goddamn it, I am fully ready to keep it.

With all my love.

Truth 39

It's just past midnight here. I caught myself staring at the second clock on my phone, the one I set for your time zone. The sun is just starting to rise where you are. We haven't had a truly deep, unfiltered connection in months, and God... I miss us.

I've been doing a lot of hard looking in the mirror lately. I realized that my past frustrations about how much time you spend on social media and moderating... that was just my own fear talking. I was projecting my own history of hiding behind screens onto you. You have so much more emotional maturity than I ever did. I am not the kind of man who dictates your life, and I never want to be. You deserve to make your own choices, and if something brings you joy, I will support it.

But the truth is, my fear comes from the fact that I am tired of being a secret. I am tired of just being a face on a screen.

I don't want us to just survive apart; I want us to grow together. I want the mundane, quiet ad-

ventures with you just as much as the grand ones. I've even caught myself studying the circles you run in online, just looking for a way to weave myself into your actual life. I want to be a part of your world.

I have spent my entire life playing the protector. I'm trying so hard to retire that "superhero" complex, to stop jumping into every fire. But I have to be honest with you... you are the one person I would still fight to the death for. I know my protective instincts have a hair-trigger when it comes to you. I know it isn't always healthy. But it all comes from a place of being absolutely terrified of losing you. If the world came after you, I would physically carry you through the dark.

I don't want us to walk on eggshells around each other anymore. I just want us to be free.

So, if there is something reaching through the void tonight, shaking the ether so you can feel me... know this. The only direction I am moving is toward you. I am fighting to become the man you deserve. And if that determination is the last thing I do... then so be it.